

My Golden  
Songbook  
of  
War Songs

Plantation RVN '69

1. [illegible]  
2. [illegible]



1.) Search and Destroy (to the tune of Jingle Bells)

Search + destroy the countryside  
No one from us shall hide  
We'll win your hearts and minds  
We'll win your hearts and minds  
Or burn your hooches down  
Or burn your hooches down  
We'll win your hearts + minds or burn your hooches down

2.) Dashing Through the Hooch (Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the hooch  
Zippo in my hand  
Burning as we go  
War is really grand  
Got the papasan  
Now get the buffalo

And continue through the countryside burning as we

chorus: Oh, burn 'em down

burn 'em down

burn those hooches down

we love to see the dancing flames and hear  
the crackling sound

Oh, burn 'em ... [repeat above]

3.) Jingle Bells (Jingle Bells)

Jingle bells  
mortar shells  
V.C. in the grass  
Take your merry Christmas  
And shove it up your ass.

4.) Roll Out the Bodies (Roll out the Bodies)

Roll out the bodies  
See what the mortars have done  
Roll out the bodies  
Take a good look at your son...

5.) Strafe the Town (Wake the Town)

Strafe the town and Kill the people  
Drop the Napalm in the square  
Get up early Sunday morning  
Catch them while they're still at prayer  
Drop the candy from the airplane  
Watch the Kiddies gather round  
Use your 50mm  
Mow the little bastards down.

6.) Tour the DMZ (Tour the U.S.A.)

Tour the DMZ in your APC  
America is asking you to die.  
Take an RPG through your APC  
America is asking you to die.

7.) Push the Trigger (Drop another Nickel in...)

Push the trigger on the fifty  
Gee this war is really nifty.  
Hump the ammo from the dump  
Everytime I get a Kill I start to jump.  
Kill and Kill and Kill some more  
This could never be a bore.  
Come and join our groovy game  
Plunder, pillage, rape, and maim.

8.) Got your Son (Comptown Faces)

Got your son with a Napalm bomb  
do da do da  
Got your son with a Napalm bomb  
oh de do da day  
Watched him burn all night  
Watched him burn all day  
Got your son with a Napalm bomb  
oh de do da day.

9.) Your Son Was Killed... (Camptown Tunes)

a.) Your son was killed in Viet Nam

do da do da

Your son was killed in Viet Nam

Oh de do da day

Chorus: ~~Oh~~ do da day

Oh de do da day

Your son was killed in Viet Nam

Oh de do da day.

b.) The President thanks you for your son

do da do da

etc.....

c.) He's coming home in a body bag

do da do da

etc.....

d.) He stepped on a claymore mine  
just the other day

He's ly'en out rotten in the elephant grass  
oh de do da day.

10.) Airborne Ranger

I wanna be an airborne ranger

[Bull shit Bull shit]

I wanna lead a life of danger

[Bull shit Bull shit]

I wanna go to Viet Nam

[Bull shit Bull shit]

I wanna kill a Viet Cong

[Bull shit Bull shit]

Sound off

1, 2

Sound off

3, 4

1, 2, 3, 4

1, 2, Airborne!

11. \* Chopper Pilots (I wish I was a little bit of so

a.) There are no chopper pilots down in hell  
(Repeat)

The place is full of queers, fixed wing pilots,  
bombardiers

There are no chopper pilots down in hell.

b.) The bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
(Repeat)

The automatic pilot's on  
He's reading comics in the john  
The bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

c.) There are no fighter pilots in the fray  
(Repeat)

They are in the USO's wearing ribbons, fancy  
clothes

There are no fighter pilots in the fray.

d.) There are no chopper pilots in the states  
(Repeat)

They are off on foreign shores making mothers  
out of whores

There are no chopper pilots in the States.

11.) Victor Charlie at Ple me (rock of ages)

Victor Charlie at Ple me  
threw a hand grenade at me  
So I caught it in my palm  
threw it back and he was gone  
Victor Charlie at Ple me  
Thanks alot you S.O.B.

12.) Extremely Low Flight (High Flight)

"Oh I have slipped the surly  
bonds of earth (by the skin of my ass) '  
and danced the skies on panic stricken  
wings.

Treetopward I've climbed and done  
a hundred things more terrifying than  
your worst nightmare, wheeled and  
scared and swung too damn low in  
the sunlit silence.

Hovering there, here, everywhere, I've  
chased the bright elusive butterfly of  
love and flung my underpowered craft  
through bushes, tree branches, and  
ground fog.

12) cont.

Up up through the red dust with great difficulty into a flock of birds and with a hang over as I fly through the over crowded sanctities of birds and artillery, I put out my hand and reached for my sic sac."

1/11 ACR Aviation  
Bingo Pad

## 12.) I Wanted Wings

a) I wanted wings 'til I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them any more  
They taught me how to fly then they  
sent me off to die  
I've had a belly full of war.  
You can take the Viet Cong  
I'd rather run along  
Distinguished Flying Cross  
Do not compensate for losses — Buster

(chorus):

I wanted wings 'til I got the goddam  
things  
Now I don't want them any more.

b.) I'll take the dames, let the rest go down  
in flames

I have no desire to be burned  
Air combat spells romance 'til they  
shoot holes in your pants

I'm not a fighter I have learned

You can have your Special Forces

I'll go back to raising horses

I'd rather make a cutie than be shot  
down in my Huey — Buster

(chorus):

c.) I do not care to die in the Huey  
that I fly  
That's for the eager not for me.  
I don't trust in my luck to be picked  
up by a duck  
After I've crashed into the sea  
I would rather be a terrier than a  
fighter on a carrier  
With my hand around a bottle  
you can keep your goddam throttle - Buster  
(Chorus):

d.) They feed us lousy chow but we stay  
alive somehow  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.  
The rumor has it ~~now~~ next they'll be  
dehydrating sex.  
That's when I'll tell the coach I'm  
through  
For I've managed all the dangers  
The shooting back of strangers  
But when I get home late  
I want my woman straight - Buster  
(Chorus):

e.) I do not care to die in the Huey  
that I fly  
Ground fire makes me lose my lunch  
There's nothing you can say when  
they blow you half away

I'd rather be at home than with the bunch  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off  
When they shoot your tail boom half off  
I'd rather be home — Buster...  
with my ass than with a cluster — Buster

(chorus):

\* Dirty Al

### 15.) Dirty Al (Big John)

(chorus): Dirty Al, Dirty Al, Dirty ol' Al

a) Every day at the line you can see  
him arrive

He stands 5 foot 8 weighs 185  
Kinda broad at the shoulders like he  
is at the hip

And everyone knows he doesn't give a  
shit — Dirty Al

(chorus):

b) Some people say he made the L.A. scene  
where he built him a rotor on a  
sewing machine

He cut his teeth on a collective pitch  
Dirty Al is a low flying son of a  
Bitch — Dirty Al.

(chorus):

c.) Then came the ~~day~~ night at the big canal

When everyone thought it was the end of Al.

A V.C. round through the engine deck  
Made the ol' engine sound like heck - Dirty Al  
(chorus):

d.) Then came a sound, 'twas an awful roar

The engine had quit, wouldn't run no more  
Dave men cried and ~~an~~ hearts beat fast  
Everyone thought he had breathed his  
last - 'sept Al.

(chorus):

e.) He pushed the ol' pitch right down to the floor

But the damn rotor blades wouldn't turn  
any more

His ass puckered up and with a fearful sound

He sucked that chopper right off of the ground. - Dirty Al

(chorus):

f.) Everything was all right and we sighed  
with relief

The ol' pucker factor it saved us  
much grief

No one was hurt but we busted  
our ass,

Trying to pull the seat covers out of

Dirty Al's ass — Dirty Al.  
(chorus):

g) Now we never fly over that worthless  
ditch

we just placed a marble stand on  
the son of a bitch

These words are written upon this  
stand...

"Aint no ass can pucker like  
Al's ass can" — Dirty Al.

(chorus)

\* Dirty Al Burnor  
CW2 AV

13.) " Oh it's Dustoff time again you're  
going to leave me,  
I can see by the bloody hole in  
your leg  
And the way that you yell Medic  
That it won't be long before it's  
Dustoff time again."  
— Can Guise "C" 3/7

This Land - Gene Easley

14.) Chorus:

This land is your land  
An army town land  
From the Mekong Delta to  
The Central Highlands  
And up the coastline to the DMZ  
This land was made for VC.

While I was in ~~saigon~~  
I wanted to go  
so I went and got me  
a Cyclo  
He said 300 P  
A Baby - SAN for me  
This land was made for you & she.  
Chorus

This chick was quite a dish  
she smelled of rotten fish  
she was a Mountagnard  
who forgot her right Guard  
I left her in her hut  
Chewing her beetle nut  
This chick was made but not by.  
Chorus

I've traveled and wandered over  
many continents  
And I've never been in a land  
Had so many bad scents  
When I've forgotten  
That smell so rotten  
I'll be in the land  
That's made for me.

16.) Chorus: Air-sick ARVN (Early in the Mornin')  
What are you gonna do with an  
Air-sick ARVN

repeat

repeat

Early in the morning.

He's filling up his helmet liner

repeat

repeat

Early in the morning. Ammo Box 400-000

Chorus

Kick the little bastard out.